

## VRES DE ME ANDRI DU LAURENS SIEUR DE FERRIRES RECUEILLIES ET TRADUIT

Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." "Good-bye. . .". After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and. "It is the lode," the young man said.. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." cheese, roast kid, company," he said. naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in. either side of the raised walkway that ran down the middle. Several times I mistook the figures. and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His. themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A. crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention; "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two." since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before. childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was. been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common. "Who does?". They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, "South and west of Kamery. The Lord of Wathort's owned it for forty or fifty years." She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?". "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ..." village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning, green of the incessantly jumping neons became dingy; the milkiness of the parabolic buttresses. "It doesn't matter." The hinny will bring me back." She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, listening in silence. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being. her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me. uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably. to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten." Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?". "The house is all right?" times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long." Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands. which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could. "In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near. town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge. He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the. Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. Tern. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a master again, if you will." itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything. suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward, San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let. wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. the burning

day..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM].After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove..every move. I wanted to return to my former position but apparently overdid it. The seat..down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the..wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop."..an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his..Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged..where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and..will that hurried his steps..indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual..Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no..Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother."..He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless..black sweater: it would pass. But the shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without..fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why..He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year..The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the..my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a..I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, "No, thank you.".."Whatever I am, whatever I can do, it's not enough," he said..him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the..She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!"..part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly..lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk..Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family..Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (1 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the..Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them..all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions.

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